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WHO REMAINDERED THE BOOK OF LOVE?
THIS IS...
THIS IS REALLY HORRIBLE.
AND, LIKE, THIS IS WHERE YOU'D BRING A GODDESS?
OH, PLEASE. DEMI-GODDESS AT BEST.
LOOK, YOU WANT ME TO TEACH YOU MAGIC OR NOT? YOU DON'T LIKE THE PLACE, YOU CAN SPLIT.
ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE CHANGING INTO SOMEBODY MORE COMFORTABLE.
I AM!
LISTEN, I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE THE PROMETHEA BIT OF ME SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT, LIKE I'M GONNA BE SORT OF PRESENT TOO, Y'KNOW?
SO DON'T BE GROSS, OKAY? NOW, I JUST HAVE TO FINISH THIS COUPLET...
YEAH, WELL, FINISH IT ALREADY AND GET LOST.
IF I'VE GOTTA LOOK AT SOME SKINNY KID I MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE SUMMONING MY MAGICAL WILL, SO TO SPEAK.
OKAY, I'M ALL ROBED UP. READY OR NOT, HERE I COME...

PROMETHEA
OH. THIS...THIS IS AWKWARD. I HADN'T EXPECTED YOU TO BE...
...TO BE SO WONDERFUL.
WOULD... WOULD YOU RATHER I WORE A GLAMOUR?
HEH. THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. I PRACTICE A TANTRIC DISCIPLINE, SO THERE'S NO EMISSION.
ACTUALLY, OUR FIRST ACT SHOULD BE STRIPTEASE...
Alan Moore writer
J.H. Williams III penciller
Mick Gray inker
Jeromy N. Cox colorist

HO REMAINDERED THE BOOK OF LOVE?
SEX, STARS & SERPENTS
NO. I PREFER TO SEE THE TRUTH. TRUTH IS BEAUTY. I BELIEVE EINSTEIN SAID THAT.
TO BE HONEST, I'D RATHER YOU WORE A CONDOM.
STRIPTEASE? ISN'T THAT RATHER... WORLDLY?
NOT AT ALL.
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT INANNA.
HERE. LET'S SIT ON THE BED AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT STRIPTEASE...
Todd Klein letterer
Jeff Mariotte assist. editor
Scott Dunbier editor
Moore & Williams III Promethea creators

NOW, THIS IS ANCIENT SUMERIAN STUFF, ALL RIGHT? INANNA IS THE SUMERIAN QUEEN OF HEAVEN, THINK SPLENDOROUS, SEQUINNED WITH GALAXIES AND LIKE THAT...
SO, ANYWAY, INANNA NEEDS TO ENTER THE UNDERWORLD, RIGHT? NOW, THAT'S THE REALM OF ANOTHER GODDESS.
ALL WORDLY IDEAS MUST BE STRIPPED AWAY BEFORE SHE CAN GO NAKED INTO THE UNDER-WORLD.
IT'S THE SAME WHEN WE ENTER ANY UNDER-WORLD, ANY GREAT MYSTERY, WHETHER IT'S MAGIC... OR SEX.
ISN'T THIS RATHER LOFTY SYMBOL-ISM WHEN YOU ONLY WANT ME TO UN-DRESS?
WHAT SHOULD I TAKE OFF FIRST?
HMM. PROBABLY YOUR SANDALS.
AND IT'S ONLY SYMBOLISM PUTS MAGIC AND MEANING INTO ANYTHING. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT.
WE CAN MAKE LOVE AMONGST THE GODS, OR WE CAN SCREW ON A DIRTY MATTRESS. IT'S OUR CHOICE.
SANDALS ARE ONE OF THE MAGICAL WEAPONS OF THE LUNAR, IMAGINATIVE SPHERE, INCIDENTALLY...

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HER NAME'S ERESHKIGAL, THE LADY OF THE GREAT PLACE BELOW.
TO ENTER THE UNDERWORLD, INANNA MUST BE "BROUGHT NAKED AND BOWED LOW."
AT ITS GATES, SHE'S GRADUALLY RELIEVED OF EVERYTHING: HER PRIDE, HER DIGNITY, HER IDENTITY... AND ALL THE CLOTHING THAT REPRESENTS THOSE THINGS.
WHAT THAT MEANS IS THAT THE IMAGINATION IS LIKE THE SANDALS ON OUR FEET. IT SPEEDS US ON OUR INDIVIDUAL PATH...
YES, I SUPPOSE THAT'S TRUE. AND BOTH OUR FEET AND OUR IMAGINATIONS CAN LEAD US INTO SOME UNUSUAL SITUATIONS.
SO, ANYWAY...
WHAT NEXT?

OKAY, LOSE THE ROBE.
THE OUTER ROBE, THE ROBE OF CONCEALMENT, WHAT THAT SYMBOLIZES...
WELL, ON A PHYSICAL LEVEL, IT SYMBOLIZES A SACRED PART OF THE FEMALE BODY.
NOT THAT ALL PARTS AREN'T SACRED, OF COURSE.
THE OUTER ROBE IS THE MAGICAL WEAPON OF THE SATURNIAN SPHERE, THE HIGHEST FEMALE PRINCIPLE.
YOU HAVE HEAVY CONNECTIONS WITH THAT REALM. THAT'S WHY YOU SMELL OF MYRRH, ITS SPECIFIC PERFUME.
IT'S VERY NICE, INCIDENTALLY. OKAY, NEXT THE BREASTPLATE...
SOMEHOW I KNEW WE'D BE GETTING TO THAT.
DON'T SMIRK. IT MAKES YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE DONE THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE.
OKAY, THE BREASTPLATE, OR LAMEN, IS THE MAGICAL WEAPON OF THE SIXTH, SOLAR SPHERE...
IT'S THE ARMOR OF THE SOUL ITSELF. IT'S...OH.
OH, MY LADY, YOUR BREASTS...
THEY'RE HEAVENLY.

YEAH. YEAH, I KNOW. PROMETHEA'S BOOBS ARE MUCH NICER THAN MINE. THEY'RE ALL...
SOPHIE? GIRL, YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP OUT OF THIS...
AH, LET THE KID BE. ANYWAY, SHE'S RIGHT...
THE BREASTS OF THE GODDESS ARE ALL NOURISHMENT... NOT JUST PHYSICAL, BUT EMOTIONAL. SPIRITUAL. THEY MAKE LIFE POSSIBLE. THEY SUSTAIN IT.
THE MILK OF THE STAR GODDESS NUIT RUNS ACROSS THE SKIES, FORMING OUR GALAXY.
YOU ARE INANNA. YOU ARE ISHTAR AND DIANA, MANY-BREASTED DEITY OF THE EPHESANS.
THE GIRDLE NEXT...
THE...
THE GIRDLE IS THE MAGICAL WEAPON OF THE SEVENTH SPHERE, THE SPHERE OF VENUS. THE SPHERE OF EMOTION, AND LOVE, AND...
OH.
OH GOD.

GOD, MR. FAUST?
YES.
OR AT LEAST, GOD CONSIDERED AS FEMALE, THE MOST EXALTED FEMININE PRINCIPLE.
THIS SACRED RECEPTACLE IS ITS SIGN.
THE VESSEL BETWEEN WOMAN'S THIGHS IS THE CUP'S HIGHEST ASPECT. THE CHALICE. THE GRAIL OF DIVINE COMPASSION.
IT TAKES IN. IT RECEIVES. THE HOLY GRAIL IS FEMALE. REMEMBER THAT.
IT'S THE ESSENCE OF FEMALE.
THE HOLY GRAIL. AHH.
THEN THIS IS WHAT ALL THOSE ARTHURIAN KNIGHTS WERE SEEKING, RIDING OFF ON THEIR QUESTS...
...WITH THEIR LANCES HELD HIGH. YES. IT'S OBVIOUS WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
CAN YOU BLAME THEM? THAT SACRED CUP...
...BRIMMING WITH THE WINE OF STARS.
WITH THE DEEP-PRESSED VINTAGE OF THE SOUL.

AND THIS IS ALL THOSE MANLY HEROES SOUGHT? ONE SIP FROM COMPASSION'S BOWL TO EASE THEIR DRY, PARCHED SOULS? THEY SOUGHT THE FEMALE?
YES...
THEY WANTED TO DRINK OF THE FEMALE. TO DROWN IN IT.
PERHAPS THEY EVEN WANTED TO BECOME IT. ALL WARRIORS, ALL MAGICIANS.
ALL MEN.
AH.
THEN BE QUENCHED, MAN.
TAKE YOUR DRAUGHT...
AND NEXT WE'LL SEE...
...OH...
...WHAT MYSTERIES MAN CONCEALS...
...UN...
...BENEATH HIS COVERINGS.

M.
VERY WELL
OBVIOUSLY, MY BODY ISN'T PERFECT. NOTHING PHYSICAL IS. ONLY THINGS LIKE YOU CAN BE PERFECT
ONLY STORIES.
I'M AN UGLY OLD BALD GUY, BUT MY BODY STILL HAS MAGICAL SIGNIFICANCE. HELL, EVERYTHING HAS MAGICAL SIGNIFICANCE..
THERE
THERE YOU HAVE IT
THE WAND
THE SYMBOL OF GOD CONSIDERED AS MALE, OF THE ULTIMATE MASCULINE PRINCIPLE...
THE SYMBOL OF THE MAGICIAN, OF THE WILL, OF THAT WHICH PENETRATES THE MYSTERY.
MAYBE IF YOU TRY IMAGINING IT BIGGER.
AND GLOWING

AND THAT WORN PATCH, THAT'S GALILEO
THAT CREASE IS ANNE FRANK.
THAT BUSTED SPRING? OLIVER HARDY
AND WE ARE EVERY ONE. AND THIS, THIS MOMENT...
THAT FAINT STAIN, THAT'S KENNEDY, THAT'S MONROE
THIS IS EVERYTHING.
THEY MEAN WHAT THEY MEANT IN THE CAVES. ANIMAL SECURITY. ANIMAL WARMTH...
IMAGINE ONLY ONE ROOM HAS EVER EXISTED. ONLY ONE BED.
IMAGINE THIS IS WHERE PARIS AND HELEN GASPED AND STRUGGLED TOGETHER. WHERE STALIN, OR LEONARDO, OR EVA PERON WERE CONCEIVED, BORN, DIED..
HA HA HA NO, YOU'RE FINE AS YOU ARE.
YOU WERE RIGHT, INCIDENTALLY. YOU DO HAVE AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING SOUL.
AND I DON'T THINK YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT YOUR MAGICAL WILL.
COME ON. LET'S GET INTO BED
OKAY GOD. YOU FEEL INCREDIBLE IT'S LIKE HOLDING A BABY, OR A NEBULA...
OR A WOMAN?
YES. YES, IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THAT, TOO
LISTEN, TRY NOT TO PAY TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO THE ROOM AND THE BED, HUH? WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE ISN'T IMPORTANT. IT'S WHAT THEY MEAN.
YES? AND WHAT'S THAT?

YOU SEE? IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE GRAIL QUEST IN WAGNER'S PARZIFAL...
THE LANCE, THE WAND... IT HAS TO BE IMMERSED IN THE CUP.
THE MALE... IMMERSED... IN THE FEMALE...
YES.
YES, THERE. THAT'S RIGHT.
THE WILL... IMMERSED... IN COM-PASSION...
FIRE... IMMERSED... IN WATER...
OH.
OH, IT GOES DOWN... SUCH A LONG WAY. HOW...
HOW CAN IT DO THAT?

IT CAN DO THAT
BECAUSE COMPASSION
BOTTOM-LESS.
ENDLESS...
LIKE TIDE. LIKE BREATH. LIKE THE BLOOD RHYTHM, LIKE THE X-RAYS PULSED FROM DYING STARS.
ON AND OFF BACK AND FORTH IN AND OUT...
ENDLESS.
THE RHYTHM.
ENDLESS.
DO YOU UNDER-STAND?
AOHH..
YES
BUT EXPLAIN AGA N

HA. OKAY
WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR POSITION AROUND SO THAT OUR SPINES ARE UPRIGHT...
HOW DO YOU MEAN? SHOULD I GET...
WAIT A MINUTE HAS THIS PART HAPPENED BEFORE? DON'T WE HEAR VOICES FROM...
...OUTSIDE...?
SO WHAT TIME DO YOU CALL THIS?
IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK...
...SLOWLY...
DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST WHEN THE MAGIC KICKS IN EVERYTHING GETS SORT OF LOOPED...
OR DID I ALREADY SAY THAT?
COME ON. I'LL SIT UP AND YOU GET ON TOP OF ME...
A-ALL RIGHT...
UMH. THAT'S PERFECT NOW WE JUST CENTER OUR ATTENTION AT THE BASE OF OUR SPINES AND ROCK GENTLY, IN TIME WITH OUR BREATHING.
SLOWLY...
YOU MEAN LIKE... AH
LIKE THIS?

I CAN FEEL SOMETHING... ALL TENSED AND COILED... AT THE BOTTOM OF MY SPINE...
I... SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. WE'RE... BARELY MOVING, AND YET... MM.
MMMM
WE'RE JUST... HELPING HER... WAKE UP.
YES. IN THE... HINDU TRADITION OF YOGA ...THE BASE OF THE SPINE... IS THE LOCATION... OF THE MULADHARA CHAKRA...
...WHERE THE FIRE-SERPENT... CALLED KUNDALINI ...LIES COILED... AND SLEEPING
I CAN FEEL IT... I CAN FEEL IT MOVING...
UP AND DOWN... UP AND DOWN MY BACKBONE...
A LITTLE HIGHER EVERY... OH ...EVERY TIME.
THINK OF... AHH... YOUR CADUCEUS THE SNAKES... WINDING... UP THE SHAFT...
AND THE BASE OF THE SHAFT... THE BOTTOM OF THE SPINE... THAT CORRESPONDS... TO OUR EARTHLY CONSCIOUSNESS...
AND OUR ENERGY... OUR AWARENESS... SNAKES UP... TOWARDS OUR HIGHER LEVELS...
IT'S... IT'S SOMEWHERE BELOW MY NAVEL...
E-EVERYTHING'S SHIFTING...

NO... ONLY AWARENESS IS SHIFTING.
AS THE SNAKE CLIMBS...WE PASS THROUGH ZONES OF CONSCIOUSNESS... LIKE THOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF...IN THE IMMATERIA...
THE SERPENT'S TAIL... IS IN THE MUD...OF OUR MATERIAL AWARENESS... AND FROM THERE...IT SLITHERS UP...IT SLITHERS UP...
...KISS ME...
IT SLITHERS UP TOWARDS THE SVADISHTHANA CHAKRAH, JUST THREE FINGER-BREADTHS BELOW THE NAVEL...
...CORRESPONDING TO THE LUNAR SPHERE OF DREAM, IMAGINATION, SEXUAL FANTASY...
...OPENING INSIDE US, A SIX-PETAL LOTUS, AN ECSTATIC FLOWERING OF POSSIBILITIES, FANTASTIC, SENSUAL, LIMITLESS...
AND THE SNAKE MOVES, AND THE SNAKE TURNS...
YES. NOW I FEEL IT IN MY BELLY, MY SOLAR PLEXUS. OH, IT'S HOT...
AND ALL THAT SILVER AND BLUE-VIOLET DREAMINESS, IT'S TURNING RED. IT'S STRENGTH. IT'S POWER AND DESIRE...
HRRRRGH. I WANT US TO BE HARDER. I WANT US TO BREAK EACH OTHER! OHH! OH, THIS FEELS GOOD!

CONTROL IT. HOLD IT DOWN. THE ENERGY. THE FIRE. OH, YOUR BODY. OH, YOUR SPIRIT. IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL. I COULD JUST CRUSH IT.
I COULD TEAR IT UP WITH LOVE.
CONTROL IT. HOLD IT DOWN. THIS IS THE MANIPURA CHAKRAH. THIS IS MARS, AND HEAT, AND FIERCENESS...
RIDE IT, LIKE A WAVE...
UNNHH. NOW IT'S MOVING UP IN ME. IT'S MOVING UP TO SOMEWHERE CALMER, MORE REFLECTIVE...
SLOWER. OOOOOHH. IT'S SLOW GREEN. SLOW GREEN-GOLD. IT'S...
IT'S MOVING UP. IT'S IN MY BREAST. IT'S IN MY HEART. IT'S...
OOOOOHHH...
I KNOW. THE SORROW. THE JOY. THIS IS THE ANAHATA CHAKRAH. THIS IS HEART, AND SOUL...
THIS IS THE SUN. THIS IS THE GOLD IN US. AND YOU ARE ALMOST ME. AND I AM, ALMOST YOU.
OH, LOVE...
LOVE.

OHHH!
JACK, THE SNAKE, IT'S MOVING UP, IT'S...MHUGHH... IT'S IN MY THROAT...
YES, THE VISUDDHA CHAKRA. THE SERPENT'S PULSING, IN OUR SPINES...
...IN...
...OUT...
UNNN THIS CHAKRA...IS THE ABYSS...BEYOND EXISTENCE...
THIS IS THE CHASM...THE CRACK...WHERE KNOWLEDGE ENTERS...
WHERE...THE HOLY... INFORMATION... LEAKS...
AAAAH NOW IT'S BEHIND MY EYES...
AJNA CHAKRAH WE'RE MOVING UP BEYOND THE HIGHEST MALE AND FEMALE PRINCIPLES...
WHERE ROLES...AND IDENTITIES... TURN... INSIDE...
...IN...
...OUT...
THIS IS BECAUSE MAGICIANS...IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR GENDER... ARE MALE.
THEIR SYMBOL IS THE WAND...THE MALE MEMBER...BECAUSE THEY ARE THAT, WHICH SEEKS TO PENETRATE... THE MYSTERY...
BUT ONCE THEY SUCCEED...THEN THEY BECOME MAGIC... THEY BECOME THE MYSTERY... BECOME THAT WHICH IS PENETRATED...
THEY BECOME FEMALE.
AND WE BECOME EACH OTHER...BECOME HERMAPHRODITE... AS WE CLIMB ...TOWARDS THE GODHEAD...OF THE SAHASRANA CHAKRA...
THE BLISSFUL THOUSAND-PETALLED LOTUS...ABOVE THE CROWN OF THE HEAD...
THAT PURE, WHITE, DIAMOND BRILLIANCE, WHERE WE CAN STEP OUT OF TIME... OR JUST...AS EASILY... STEP...BACK...
...IN...
OHHH!
WAIT A MINUTE, HAS THIS PART HAPPENED BEFORE? DON'T WE HEAR VOICES FROM...
...OUTSIDE...?
SO WHAT TIME DO YOU CALL THIS?
IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK.
DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST WHEN THE MAGIC KICKS..
...OUT..
...IN...
I I'M GOING...TO HAVE...AN ORGASM...
MMM. DON'T LET THE ENERGY... ESCAPE THROUGH OUR LOINS...
BREATHE DEEP... PRESS TONGUE AGAINST PALATE...
DRAW... EVERY-THING...
OH! OH, WE'RE...GOD... WE RE..
...COMING...
NO...
WE'RE... ALREADY...

...HERE...
HERE...
HERE...
...HAS THIS HAPPENED...
HAPPENED BEFORE? WE'RE...
HAS THIS HAPPENED BEFORE? WE'RE OUTSIDE EVERYTHING!
...OUTSIDE...?
SO WHAT TIME DO YOU CALL THIS?
IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK
DON'T... WORRY...
JUST

THE
MAGIC.

HI.
UH... HI.
I DON'T KNOW. I WAS KINDA DRIFTING MYSELF, WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, THERE YOU WERE.
THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD, HUH?
THIS IS UM, THIS IS SORT OF EMBARRASSING WHEN DO I CHANGE BACK?
SURE.
WELL, FOR A KNOW-NOTHING DEVIL-DODGING MALL-RAT, YOU'RE ALMOST BEARABLE.
STILL WANT ME TO TEACH YOU MAGIC?
YEAH. YES, IT WAS. I GUESS YOU'RE NOT BAD FOR A CREEPY OLD PERVERTED GUY
YOU WANT TO HOOK ME UP?
HA HA HA WELL, YEAH. YOU GOT ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS OF BOOKS TO READ, JUST FOR HOMEWORK.
I MEAN, THIS AIN'T COLLEGE. YOU DON'T GRADUATE JUST BECAUSE YOU SCREWED THE TUTOR.
I'M KIDDING. C'MERE...
YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE?

YOU'RE OKAY, SOPHIE. IF YOU DON'T GO NUTS, YOU MIGHT MAKE A HALFWAY DECENT MAGICIAN.
HERE. I'M GONNA GIVE YOU CROWLEY'S MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS AND 777, PLUS SOME OTHER STUFF. ELIPHAS LEVI AND LIKE THAT...
WASN'T CROWLEY SORT OF...EVIL?
NAH. I DON'T THINK SO. I THINK AT WORST HE WAS SELFISH AND MAYBE SILLY SOMETIMES.
BUT HE KNEW A LOT ABOUT MAGIC. TAKE THESE AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
THANKS. WHEN SHOULD I BRING THEM BACK?
WHEN YOU'VE READ 'EM, OR IF YOU NEED HELP WITH ANYTHING.
AND LISTEN, IF YOU'RE STUDYING MAGIC FOR THE REASON I THINK, THEN BE CAREFUL, OKAY?
I SORT OF LIKE YOU. DON'T GET HURT, HUH?
I LIKE YOU TOO. TAKE CARE, JACK.
SO WHAT TIME DO YOU CALL THIS?
XXX

IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK...
OH. WELL, THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT.
SEE, I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN HUMPING SOME HIPPY WHILE I STOOD OUT HERE FOR, LIKE, TWO HOURS TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE OKAY.
YOU DIDN'T, RIGHT? HAVE SEX WITH HIM?
CAFE
WE... I WAS INTERESTED IN LEARNING ABOUT MAGIC.
HE, UH, I MEAN, ALL THESE GREAT BOOKS, HE LOANED THEM TO ME...
YOU DID.
YOU TOTALLY HUMPED THE HIPPY! TELL ME YOU USED A RUBBER?
This is "TEXTure." SONNY DELIGHT: Baskerville's ratings ROCKET...
I WAS PROMETHEA, OKAY? SHE'S DISEASE-PROOF.
SHE CAN GET PREGNANT, BUT JACK DOES THIS TANTRIC STUFF WHERE THERE'S NO CLIMAX...
YOU WERE PROMISCUA? SO THIS WAS A THREESOME?
TEXTure
THE MAYOR
Liberals today applauded the Mayor's decision to abolish religious instruction in the city's SCHOOLS...
STACIA, IT WASN'T LIKE...
Weeping Gorilla
YOU ARE JUST SUCH A DEGENERATE! THEY OUGHTTA STUDY YOU AND YOUR MOM. THEY COULD ISOLATE THE SLUT GENE.
SO, HOW FAR DID YOU GO?
THE MAYOR TODAY
...while ETHNIC groups approved his plans for "A New Aeon of Blackness."
COMMITMENT? UH...YEAH... THAT SOUNDS GREAT.
Weeping Gorilla
ONLY TO JUST ABOVE THE CROWN OF MY HEAD.
JEEZ, WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
ELASTAGEL
Meanwhile, in other news: ELASTAGEL manufacturerers insist their TWANGABLE TECHNO-GOOP is Y2K compliant. Are they stretching the truth? This is "TEXTure...."
NEXT: PSEUNAMI!

# IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, email: promethea@wildstorm.com. All letters appreciated!

Dear Imaginary Lines,

I feel a genuine joy, a passion, for PROMETHEA that few other stories have inspired in me. It's subtle and fulfilling: I spend much less time anxiously awaiting a new issue than I do for *Planetary* or *The Authority* but when I finally see a new issue on the racks I feel a giddy thrill no other comic provides. PROMETHEA blends all of my loves in a form I could never have hoped to dream.

I've noticed that the art teams on the other ABC books get quite a bit of praise in the letters column, especially Gene Ha and Zander Cannon at *Top Ten*, but far too rarely do J. H. Williams III and Mick Gray – not to mention Jeremy Cox's beautiful colors or Todd Klein's perfect lettering – get the worship they deserve. The thick-lined photorealism that Williams and Gray use is my absolute favorite kind of comic art; I enjoy it from Tony Harris and I'm getting a huge kick out of it from Bermejo and Nyberg in *Superman/Gen13*, but it's perfect in PROMETHEA. That beatific smirk (I can only call it that) on Sophie/Promethea's face when she finishes transforming the others into Prometheas as well was incomparable. The brilliantly dissimilar yet perfectly balanced pages 16 & 17 with the Painted Doll and Grace-Stacia loving their work thrills me; *The Matrix* and *Conan the Barbarian* standing back to back. This is not simple, easy art; this is not art for the comic book uninitiated. It is, nevertheless, glorious.

Speaking of glorious, I hope the Painted Doll cheats death again. Perhaps a Five Swell Guys one-shot or mini-series? If any supporting characters in the ABC line deserve that, it's the Painted Doll and the heroes he torments.

Yours,
Sean Tait Bircher

**Worship? Strong language. We're glad this won't see print until after Comic Con International: San Diego, so we don't have to spend the whole weekend in a crowded convention hall with the swelled heads of those guys when they see your comments...**

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**As for the Five Swell Guys, if you're a fan of theirs, we can only admonish you not to miss the next issue.**

Dear Imaginary Lines,

The wait for PROMETHEA 8 was long and trying, but it's over now, and I must confess that I will wait as long as it takes for this book. Of the already superb America's Best Comics line, PROMETHEA is, in my opinion, the best (though *Top Ten* isn't far behind).

It's easy to go on and on about Alan's writing – everything the man gives us is dripping with his enthusiasm and brilliance for this medium. Instead of retreading that path, I want to make it clear that this book – written by Moore or no – wouldn't be half as good if J.H. Williams and Mick Gray weren't drawing it. Everything from the intricate panel designs to the understated facial expressions to the exquisite backgrounds make this title one of the most beautiful out there. I've never followed J.H.'s work before, but you can bet I will from here on out.

As for 8: we got to see a whole lot of action this time around, with four of the past Prometheas lighting into the monsters of the Howling. While Promethea is and always shall remain the star of this book, the most interesting fixture is the Painted Doll. I enjoy the appearances by the Five Swell Guys, but if they disappeared from these pages in the next issue, the book would be little the poorer. The Doll, though – he's like the Joker done right. I hope something as petty as an exploding hand grenade won't keep him from resurfacing in these pages eventually.

Looking forward to the showdown next issue. I hope it hits relatively soon, but as I said, I'm more than willing to wait for this one.

Russ Anderson
Baltimore, MD

**And still more praise for J.H. and Mick – okay, they deserve every bit of it, and more (as do Todd and Jeromy). See if you can find back issues of DC's *Chase* for more exemplary work by Williams and Gray – they're worth tracking down.**

Hello.

A comic book with strong female characters is a comic that appeals to me. I had read *Wonder Woman* as a child and enjoyed the stories of both George Perez and William Messner-Loebs.

It's the reason why I thought to buy your book. (That and the fact that the store didn't sell *Liberty Meadows*.) I noticed the cover immediately, it just stood out from all the others who were loud and fussy. The story inside did not disappoint me. I thought it was well-written, sensitive and although it did contain dark elements it did not dwell on these aspects, which I personally find off-putting. (Although I didn't like the violent images, I have to admit.)

What other comics do you do? I've never heard of your company before. Why did you think your comic would be controversial? I thought graphic violence and nudity was the norm? I did notice that you replaced swear words with symbols but you showed a man getting his head blown apart. What is THAT all about?

Anyway, I shall be buying this title again.

Yours sincerely,
Katherine (UK)

**You know, Katherine, even those of us who work in this industry don't understand what that's all about. Or why you can show acts of brutal violence in a PG movie, but put in some nudity or graphic sex or, heaven forbid, a same-sex relationship, and you're looking at an R rating for sure. We like to think that PROMETHEA is tastefully done in all ways, and. . . well, if**

**you've read this issue, you know that we're not afraid of a little healthy eroticism.**

Dear ABC staff:

Well, I'm not going to claim I've never written to a comic book before, but it has been a long time. I think some guy named Alan Moore was writing about some kind of plant man or something...

I just read PROMETHEA 8, and I want to say I think shazam! "Flame on!" "Up, up and awayyy!" the classic "It's clobberin' time!" the unconventional "Spoon!" and even "Kimota!" pale before the quiet grace of "Somebody get me my pen."

I just love this book. I love the characters, even the unlikeable ones. I like the background, I like the stories. I had a feeling I would like this book when I saw the overweight, middle-aged Barbara Promethea make her debut, and I flashed back to Warrior days, when a middle – aged, over-weight Mike Moran had forgotten his magic word. It's been a long time since then, but I am still enjoying the magic words of Alan Moore.

One recent reader wrote to the effect that Barbara's tragic life didn't seem to affect her quite enough. I can only assume he has not seen the surviving member of a loving marriage wait quietly for the reunion. The final stage of grief is acceptance, after all. And obviously, Barbara and Steve's was a very loving union, though certainly complicated by the entrance of Promethea – the next Promethea story to be fully told, I hope I question whether the Painted Doll really died – he seems an iconic character, a bad penny who will continue to turn up – as the Red Skull described himself some 55 years ago, if I recall correctly – though of course the Doll seems more modeled after a signature celebrity omnipath belonging to your Direct Competition.

I really appreciate the power of Alan Moore's imagination. Although I am quite fond of *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, *Tom Strong* and the other titles Alan is doing for ABC, PROMETHEA is the one I most look forward to. Keep 'em coming.

Steve Trout

**Alan Moore's imagination is a ravenous beast that we keep chained in the "Mad Room" of our offices here in La Jolla – the room where none of the walls are quite perpendicular to the floor or ceiling. Once in a while we hire interns or editorial assistants and charge them with the care and feeding of it, and some of them survive to work another day. Of course, when we run out of them, then the editors take their turns, which might account for some of the attrition... so yes, it is a most powerful imagination, and we approach it with the utmost respect.**

Hello to all the wonderful creators of PROMETHEA, and of course to whoever gets to read and sort through all the many, many fan e-mails and letters you are without doubt receiving.

I just got back from issue 8, and what a wonderful ride that's been! Grace Brannagh in Stacia – my favorite Promethea combined with my favorite supporting character – was just delightful (and delicious) in both words and pictures. So was the omnipath for that matter. Can't wait to see more of him after his fifth explosive decomposition, and I hope his sixth will be just as spectacular.

Though this issue seemed at first glance to be a single, continuing fight scene, I can still see the plot developments accomplished in it, finishing off the expositional arc. Sophie learned the use of the last of her four weapons, and the death of Barbara Shelley, the last earthly link to her predecessors, draws a big black finish line under the experience of Sophie with being Promethea, so far. The fat lady has sung and training time is over.

Benny Solomon is out of the picture and the Goetia have moved into their new dwelling, no doubt to emerge anew soon (though how they ever believed Sonny Baskerville to be roomy enough for all of them is a mystery; he seems rather overcrowded already). The mysterious Temple may or may not make another move in the near future. And Sophie probably has quite a bit of explaining to do.

I expect that next issue will mostly be clean-up and solidifying of the established setting. The stage is now set, furbished and colored, awaiting future tales of PROMETHEA. I shall definitely be there to watch them.

On a different topic, I'm quite intrigued with all of the series from America's Best Comics, having bought all of them, with the sad exception of PROMETHEA #4, which somehow didn't make it to my regular shop. I can see the tentative linking of the different titles into one conceptual universe, both through the similar look and feel of the different titles (exemplified by such terms as science hero, and through direct mention, such as *Tom Strong* obliquely referring to what I assume must be Neopolis as a city on the east coast that has established links with various alternate Earths (Although to me alternate is still a verb, not the SciFi adjective it seems to have become; what do these Earths alternate with?) Plus there seemed to be two Aztech travellers among the many other cameos at the Neopolis transworld station. So, while I'm not exactly pushing for a crossover between Splash Brannigan and Promethea (I'm sure the Pigment of Power has enough to do, just stain alive in today's world), I do hope that these tangential touches at the outer reaches of the various series defined areas will evolve over time into a more thorough meshing, combining into a unified whole.

I'm looking forward to many more issues of Promethea and all the other titles.

Sebastian Weinberg

**Way back when Alan's original proposal for ABC arrived in our offices, a couple of years ago, we seem to remember that there was a line in it to the effect that while these comics would not be set in any existing comic book "universe," there was a chance that they would all be set in a universe that was common to them – though not necessarily to expect crossovers. Good idea then, good idea now. None of us, I think, wants to see Jack B. Quick tampering with Pneuman (even if we are a little intrigued by the prospect of the Five Swell Guys dropping in on Neopolis).**

## NEXT ISSUE:

But that won't happen next issue. Instead, we'll see a unique approach to comic book storytelling, and a fireworks display you'll never forget!